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The Reflection



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Chapter 1 by Rachel

She was coming, I could feel it.

She came over and looked at me. She seemed vaguely disappointed, and I wanted so bad to know why. I suppressed that feeling and met her every movement. She grabbed her stomach, which, thanks to her everyday trips to the gym, her food restrictions, and her fasting days, was hollow. I don't know what she saw wrong with it. Her 300 calorie diet, her constant exercise, and her purging after most meals was causing the both of us harm. It hurt just to look at her, but not in the way she was hurt to look at me.

I had been worried since last year, when she had looked at me and scowled, muttering angry comments under her breath. I had been so confused, and my feelings had been hurt. Little did I know, she was going to change everything. She wanted to change me more than anything in the world.

I feel like a disappointment every single time she looks at her reflection.

After she left the bathroom, I stayed behind. Nobody was in here anyways, so I had nothing to

worry about. I surveyed the bathroom, and then turned around to look into my own. Maybe I could try to change myself, and then I could look like her. All I need to do is lose a couple more pounds, and I could be beautiful without having to ruin myself.

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I went over to my scale and stepped on. Compared to what her scale says, mine was flipped. The numbers were backwards, for I was a reflection, after all. I looked down intently as I waited for the number to show up.

56.5 pounds.

Fifty pounds should be the stopping point. That would be good enough. She was short enough and young enough for that not to be all that dangerous. 5'1 and fifteen years has an average weight of about 115, so half of that is okay. It's not like she would lose the weight anyways; reflections don't work that way.

I would start tomorrow. The gym's walls were lined with mirrors, and she went every morning at four until six-thirty. I could probably gather the strength to do more than she would be doing; maybe I could turn up the treadmill or take an extra weight if nobody notices.

This would be a hard feat, though. Breaking away from her was near impossible, for that would break the laws of specular reflection. But the laws can be broken, just like normal human laws. I would get in serious trouble, though, and I would expend an enormous amount of strength, which may assist in my weight loss anyways.

Tomorrow would be the start of me saving her life.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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